

Counter.Cartographies: Notes Towards a Future Atlas (version 002)

C.CRED

old rubber factory Raul the motorcycle man swigging his wine straight from the bottle as a joint is passed around modern time Estonian mythology next to us his horse head installation makes peculiar sounds and we have no photos of Raul nor is he mentioned in previous edits of the texts describing our walks yet the silent image of him drinking wine has unexpectedly etched itself onto our itinerary like a tangent or a derivation “institutions are inclusive here and there is no need for alternatives” “I don’t go to openings I like to go to places where there are no people” the rupture of the singular spawns inspiration it seems if the singular spawns inspiration it is because it is invested with a peculiar sense of joy and affirmation now this is where the world is reinvented and it doesn’t necessarily have anything to do with Raul himself but with an impersonal moment an unpredictable intensity without subject a flickering light or creasing of the fabric as fragile as it is inspirational prone to capture and recuperation to strategic inclusion rendering it measurable and controllable perhaps its duration is finite but its speed infinite very slow yet very fast perhaps it resonates perhaps it echoes and trying to photograph the different structures in the port from the back of a moving car taking us between areas of Rotterdam deemed interesting enough to walk in we end up with blurred photographs streams and strings of light oscillating between representation and abstraction and what emerges distinctly as a memory is not the landscape itself nor the merging or blurring of the landscape and the photograph but the rupture in the merging lodged deep within the abstract quality of the image itself prophetically announcing a split between the actual port and the photograph “they look tacky and trashy” “they are not of the landscape they represent nothing” and considering the mnemonic plane composed by the walks a cartography it intertwines and entwines not only the walks themselves distinct and not so distinct moments but also the photographs and the text produced reworked as assemblages little polymorphous units grabbing each other forming diagrams and the moments of the reworking the durations and intensities of the continuous editing process leaving us with a near infinite number of points of entry each of which opens up to a complexity of relations fractional universes or crystal images of a shared peripatetic life and at certain points these different aspects of a walk blur creating points of indiscernibility yet at other times there are splits ruptures where something singular emerges opening out onto new paths new walks new hodologies points where the map ceases to be a representation of geographical terrain and folds back onto the world as its destiny and we have a van with a heater where we can shelter from the winds and the cold having walked through an icy Amsterdam December squeezing in close together the words spoken become less important than the physical proximity of bodies in the confined space huddled up in the van what appears distinct the affect of the cold and the bursts of heat of bodies close to one another relative strangers the smell the sound of breathing and sniffing and coughing and though what was being said has since blurred into descriptive vague categories the I says and you says it is the saying the affective regime that allowed for something anything to be uttered that has remained hinting at a beyond the pronoun condition of the maps that imprison and shackle and the said is the restating of a world the saying of the said its reinvention and “faggots” they shout at us from a car as we walk down a Bridgeport street and they take their time stopping rolling down the car window “faggots” and we feel threatened and frightened as we walk down the street and into a local taqueria still later in the cocktail bar at the top floor of the Hancock Centre we sit with friends watch the city morph from a clear steel-blue to an infinite bright orange grid suspended over black void and walking that grid those borders relations akin to the split between an inside and an outside inclusion and exclusions friendships generosity and threats martinis and “faggots” and “yeah that happens a lot around here” we eerily find a copy of Descartes’ *Meditations on First Philosophy* discarded and thrown away on the lawn of a complex of condos just off Lake Shore Drive books that speak of borders and boundaries that are far from empty as our bartender friend shouts at young gang members shoplifting “this is my Mama’s bar for Christ’s sake what do you think you’re doing get out” delineations that comprise complex mechanisms diagrams and functions that are constructions and that are continuously negotiated that involve struggles and violences and that are militarized and policed on all levels from the borders between our bodies between our bodies and chemicals psychotropic substances foods liquids water to the borders between confederations and empires walking them repeatedly wearing them down is a practice that simultaneously involves a cosmic layered and systemic diagnostic and an ethico-therapeutics that is simultaneously deconstructive and constructive that exiles and displaces yet generates a site where collectivity and community can be rethought slight and minute reinventions of the political continuously splicing the revolutionary from Politics as long as we keep walking whispers of an invigorating alchemical concoction of juices that will fuse fusing minor ignitions between steps and on our way through Croatia we find the bullet holes are still there in the

walls and as we walk through East Zagreb we are told about men being taken from their houses to be shot and these borders speak of the guns militarizing a boundary with such force and remember the faces of those telling stories of war devoid of the melodrama tragedy and blown-up grandeur of news reportage the stories are almost silent words spoken quietly fading into the context in which they are told in a continuous exchange of the violently traumatic and the everyday in which it is situated “hey you’re showing only the bad stuff the communist stuff the factories the war not the Baroque palaces and squares” “hey this is what you showed us” and quietly in the back a retort “they’re too young to know anything EU and capitalism they think it’s better than what we have now what they know what they’ve experienced you know this country is stuck between two paradigms that of a dying communism and that of a fierce nationalism we just keep reinventing them both” walking a new Europe involves transecting and sometimes transgressing selling points “for sale” signs and what is interesting is not merely what is sold Baroque palaces or images of war torn cities but the sale itself the sales pitch counter-posed to the silence of the stories told the quiet quality the way in which there is no way that words can describe the violence that occurs when borders and histories are renegotiated and we make a fire from pieces of wood we found in the snow and sit down close to one another drinking Gin from the bottle somehow detached from the city and though it’s cold there’s no real desire to leave and we start burning photocopies of Walter Benjamin’s *Berlin Chronicles* the comedy of the inappropriate sticks in the snow in front of the fire the cold and the bursts of heat from the fire the warmth of the alcohol the physical tiredness from walking in the snow inscriptions of physical corporeal data where the burning of books ironically in a double sense becomes constitutive of an experience of collectivity collective history repeating itself as vicious return or history thought as the possibility of new beginnings “they’re selling shady run-down East-Berlin as a tourist attraction” “they’re burning books on Teufelsberg” re-enacting Berlin and is there a world to be reinvented a future city fragments of cities conjoined into a crystalliferous universe in which we can discern the outlines of a community of the exhausted of strangers of an alliance of those without affiliation against a community of the inside of the border of the bloodline of dead patriarchs reclaimed reinvented